

# Life

MARCH 23, 1922

Volume 79

Copyright, 1922, Life Publishing Company

Number 2055

PRICE 15 CENTS



*"Don't Say I Said It!"*

MARMON

*The Foremost Fine Car*

The high position awarded the Marmon both here and abroad has brought about an inevitable revision of standards. Universally, the Marmon is accorded first place among fine cars, an esteem which it so certainly deserves. For dependability and economical maintenance, it stands supreme in every comparison.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY  
Established 1851    INDIANAPOLIS





# Life



## Fame!

ONCE upon a time there lived a man who was a scientist, a poet, a historian, a soldier, a statesman and an explorer. One day, because his head was severed from his body by the king's executioner, he died.

"It will be interesting to see," he mused, while crossing the Styx, "whether I shall be best remembered as scientist, poet, historian, soldier, statesman or explorer. I'll wait a few hundred years and then journey back to Earth and listen for my name."

So, in something more than three hundred years, he recrossed the Styx and was landed on the Earthly side.

He wandered about for a long time without once hearing his name, until one day he chanced into a school-room. Forty-five English histories concealed in the laps of forty-five boys attracted his attention. He took a seat in the

rear of the room and waited. He heard mentioned the names of his contemporaries, and excitement came upon him. "Soon they must mention my name," he muttered to himself.

Soon they did. "And what is this man noted for?" the teacher asked.

A hand shot up. The teacher nodded. A boy rose.

"He is the man," said the boy, rosy with the light of his great knowledge, "who put his cloak in a puddle of mud so Queen Elizabeth wouldn't get her feet wet."

"Right," said the teacher. "And is he known for anything else?"

"He had his head cut off," replied the triumphant boy.

Then the class went tranquilly on to the next great man. Shades make no noise when they faint, you see.



*Virginia:* George says ill health always attacks one's weakest spot.  
*Friend (sweetly):* You do have a lot of headaches, don't you, dearie?



## The Leaning Tower

Whatever greatness you achieve  
And though your writings dodge the  
tomb,  
You're out of luck—you get me, Steve!—  
If you use who instead of whom.

### DIARY OF OUR SHAM PEPYS

Saturday.—Rose early and to breakfast at a publick with Beginaid Winerath, the barritone, and speaking of this and that he said that he wished a notice in the publick journals of his concert, but I said naught until he had settled mine host's reckoning, when I could not deny him, such a softie am I. So in my petrol wagon to Mistress Bridget's, the washerwoman, and she charmin', albeit chiding me for my tardiness in bringing the wash, the which I deserved. Then to my office but unable to do my stint, what with some thief having made off with my pastepot and shears and leaving me helpless. So to luncheon with A. Woolcott, the critic, and about to cast for the account when came Harold Neil Write, the novelist, and joined us so that we did not cast the dice after all. Then to my office again and finding my tools returned quickly despatched my labours. To dinner with H. Unsemp, the poet, at Mistress Grey's and a right merry gathering, and all marvelling at my wit which surpriseth even me. Then in a cab with T. O. O. Loose, the painter, to Webster Hall, where was a reception and ball of the Reformed Second Story Workers' Association, and in a daze at the splendour of the gathering, what with fair ladies and bright jewels. Leaving at four found none who might convey me and so home by publick omnibus and to bed, grieving over my improvidence, the which bids fair to see me end in a poorhouse.

### To Who It May Concern

Doubtless there may have been two better books written lately than Don Marquis' "Tom and Jerry" and "Joys of Inland Living" by Christopher Morley, but if there have been any such they have escaped notice—and will continue to escape.

This bard a laurel wreath bestows  
On every author who he knows—  
Intimately.

### DULCINEA SEES THE LIGHT

Dulcinea believes literature has reached its zenith: a renaissance of good will, she calls it, if you get what she means.

"The spirit of noblesse oblige among the writing craft is most significant," she says. "It shows a change for the better in public taste, like the growing popularity of police dogs.

"The Olympian columnists go out of their way to help us everyday mortals in a workaday world, who used to be so puzzled about what to read," she muses.

"F. P. A. tells of every good book Don Marquis writes. And that darling Kit Morley keeps us posted on F. P. A.'s works. And one can find such enthusiastic comment on Kit Morley's books in Don Marquis' column. Isn't it wonderful how those great men appreciate each other? It simplifies everything for us. And so modest! So modest! Never a word about themselves, always someone else. Such good taste! Delightful! Isn't it delicious? But you must excuse me now. I have to run along—to Brentano's. Ta! Ta! Don't take any wooden money."

As the log is rolled, so are the saps inclined.

Suggestion for literary tourists: see Park Row first. *With no apologies to F. P. A.*

## The Moon Dial

### Archy Fears the Worst.

dear boss  
I was in the pantry  
at the press club  
recently  
and I heard someone  
say that you had  
signed to go with the  
tribune in september  
have  
a heart boss  
you know you used  
to work on a baltimore  
paper  
and munsey bought it  
and on a washington paper  
and munsey bought it  
and on the sun  
and munsey bought it  
now youre going to  
the tribune  
have  
a heart boss

archy

We call attention to two books: "Smart People Who Have Met Me," by F. P. A., one of the initial successes of the with-the-current movement in writing, and, "Joys of Inland Living," by Christopher Morley, a lover of the plains.

... And now we wonder how those river lumbermen manage to do it without slipping.

*Do unto others as they return the compliment.*

### Keats Speeds the Parting Jest.

Trilling through the pipes of Reid,  
I will hear your joyous notes.  
In that moment I shall need  
Skilled custodians of goats,  
When I hear you—grief indeed!—  
Trilling through the pipes of Reid.

### The Old Soak Tries.

"No, sir!" said the Old Soak emphatically, during his most recent visit. "It's jest like the Good Book sez, you can't teach an old dog new habits an' anyways a shot on th' hip is worth two in the arm.

"You might o' heard tell o' what happened to my son-in-law that went an' lost his good job that meant so much to me, on account of getting all liquored up by hisself, without no experienced friend to guide him, like the Good Book advises. The boy went out to Hollywood an' built up a good trade for hisself in the movies, so he sent me a set o' needles an' some o' his stock in trade, thinkin' I might like to try somethin' new.

"No, sir! You can't teach an old dog new habits, like I said before, leastways not unless you makes the needles stronger. My skin is nigh as tough as leather an' I'll have to stick to the old stuff that comes in twelve bottle lots unless they fix it up to take the son-in-law's medicine through a pneumatic drill."

*With no apologies to Don Marquis.*

## The Rolling Green

### Rhodes to Ruin

The dawn is knitting rosy skeins,  
The crimson poppies nodding;  
The grey that dimmed the scarlet wanes,  
And I towards Oxford plodding.

So red is now my color scheme,  
Its varied tintings are mine.  
To radical concepts I lean—

I'm red! My word—I'm carmine.

One of our Classical Clients submits this quotation, which he ran across recently: "Veni. Vidi. Vici." He asks light upon its origin and since diligent search has failed to uncover it, although we are inclined to attribute it to Horace, we pass it along to some erudite person among our distinguished clientele.

On a lazy afternoon, as what afternoon is not, our joy of joys is to sit with feet apropos against the window sill and muse on those books we have found engaging. It was so the other day, the Hudson beyond sullen grey and flecked with the white of vagrant ice floes, that we were contemplating Don Marquis' latest work, "Tom and Jerry." We have said many things complimentary about the genial Don's contributions to an otherwise dull world, so that it is hard to find new praise to bestow. But if we could find it, we would.

Another volume which has given us delight, under a shaded reading lamp and with the gray wreaths curling from our favorite pipe, is F. P. A.'s "Smart People Who Have Met Me." Without stirring from our chair we were able to move about the world, meeting this celebrity and that genius, a privilege all the more appreciated since it involved no tiresome rites of dressing, but could be enjoyed in ease and comfort.

*Bread cast upon the waters may return buttered.*

To those of our clients who answer the call of the unusual, we submit Max's Busy Bee as the ideal lunching place. There is an air about it, elusive, faerie-like, and yet it is there.

We came across it on a drab afternoon, when the rain seeped through its open front, so that even the sawdust on the floor was damp and of a deeper hue than usual. Max himself, genial host, met us and welcomed us with that warmth always so pleasing to the journeyer.

At his suggestion we tried his pièce de résistance, a gorgeous, succulent hot dog, liberally dosed with mustard and bedded in a Vienna roll, from whose sides shredded sauerkraut bulged: a feast for a gourmet. With it we were content, one foot resting on a rail and the other stirring the sawdust into curious circular designs, a pet diversion.

The other patrons seemed to appreciate the excellence of this tidbit, for we noticed that most of them clutched in their hands a replica of the combination with which we were regaling ourselves.

Literature was not neglected in the delights of feasting, however. Two guests, near us at the counter, were arguing over the merits of that delightful stylist, the author of the "Old King Brady" series. Another was deeply engrossed in a copy of "Diamond Dick," a volume little seen nowadays, when excellence so frequently counts for so little. *With no apologies to Christopher Morley.*





Marie Doro

In "Lilies of the Field."

THE lilies of the field, we know,  
Toil not nor spin at all,  
They need rich soil in which to grow,  
And blossom in their fall—  
A type which as a botanist  
I'm rather glad to say I've missed.

And yet, as Mildred in the play,  
You made so brave a fight,  
My scruples melted quite away,  
And when into the night  
I roamed, I murmur'd, "Thank the Lord  
For some things that I can't afford."

George S. Chappell

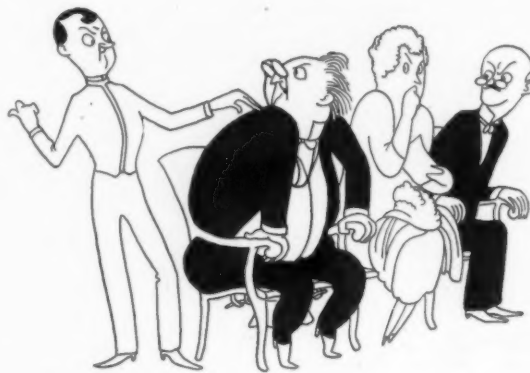
## Taxation and Custard Pie, Says Sounder Are Screamingly Funny, When Applied Properly to the Movies

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Taxes, tariffs, and treaties have given way to a controversy that is threatening to disrupt our national life, viz., are the movies as bad as they are pictured? If a thing like this is allowed to get headway, there is no telling where it will stop—the public, which, through its patronage, has the deciding voice, might actually try to settle the question for itself, or the movies might even try to improve. With characteristic promptness in emergencies, I have therefore urged Congress to appoint a committee to investigate.

As chairman of that committee, I am already prepared to submit a report which will go a long way towards leaving the question where it is.

My finding is that there are undoubtedly many minor abuses, such as the custom of allowing patrons to find their seats in the dark. Speaking for myself alone, I find it thoroughly irritating to discover, after sitting down, that my seat is already occupied. Also, the standard gauge of width between the arms of a seat is, for a person of my figure, exactly three inches short of comfort, not to mention safety.

THAT'S not important, perhaps, but it has its serious side. For instance, on the very day that I began my investigations, I strolled into a theatre about ten o'clock in the morning, and wedged myself into a seat. At the end of the picture I prepared to carry my researches to other fields, but, to my dismay, I was wholly unable to disengage myself. I appealed for help, but the impression seemed to get abroad that I was intoxicated, for presently an usher requested me to leave the theatre. Unfortunately, I was quite unable to comply until after the last performance at 11 P. M., and then only



"An usher requested me to leave the theatre."

with the aid of six ushers and a doorman.

But the experience had its advantages, for there is nothing like seeing a film five times in order to get an unbiased impression of it. This one was a much advertised production called—but there, I can't for the life of me remember the name except that the word "sex" was in it; the star's name escapes me, too, and so does the plot, though I'm sure I ought to remember it—I've seen it ever since I started going to the movies. I do recall, however, that the producer claims to have spent a million dollars on the picture, and I see no cause to doubt him, un-

less you choose to consider the picture itself a cause.

\* \* \*

AFTER my first two viewings of the film, I still held to my previous opinion of the general run of our movies. After the next, I began to feel a little sorry for the actors who had to take part in it. By the end of the fourth showing, I wondered that conditions in Hollywood are not a great deal worse than they are said to be; after a day spent in this sort of work, movie actors are entitled to any form of relaxation in order to forget. And at the

conclusion of the fifth viewing, I had espoused the cause of the producer as well, since plainly a man who needlessly spends a million dollars is a philanthropist and public benefactor.

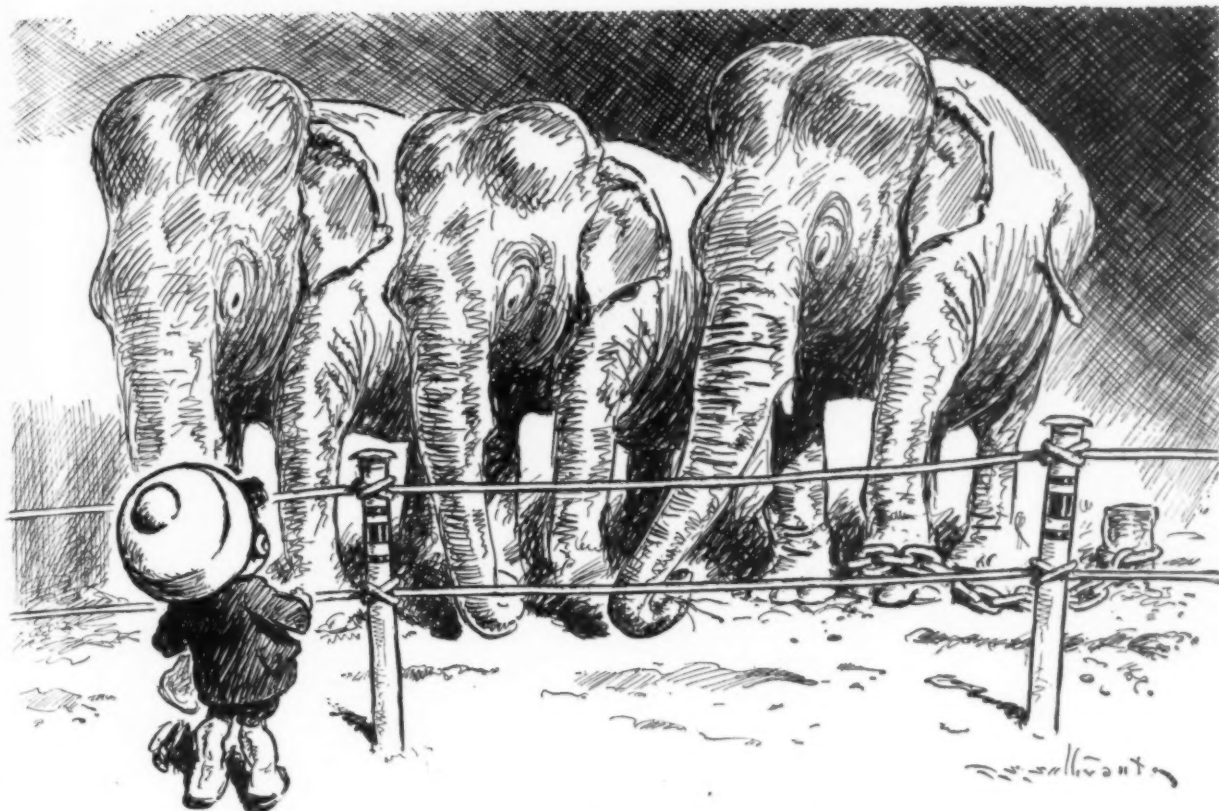
None the less, I feel that there is still room for improvement: the movies should always be uplifting. Of course, riotous living, as displayed on the film, must effectually quench anyone's desire to live riotously; but I think that the public now has learned the lesson that no woman ought to trust a man with poker chips and a whisky glass on his art title, and that the wages of sin is glycerine tears.

\* \* \*



Gripping moment in "Duty: the Great Tariff Problem Play," starring numerous American Statesmen.

WHAT the movies need is to come nearer the life of the people, to dramatize vital issues of the day. Think of the crowds that would flock to see "Duty: The Great Tariff Problem Play," in which Protection, and his retainers, Schedule on Wheat, Peanuts, and so on, save the heroine, American Industry, from shameful prosperity with Foreign Trade and the Low Tariff gang. Or think of the screamingly funny custard pie comedy you could build up on taxation, with Charlie Chaplin in the comic-pathetic part of the great American taxpayer. Sounder.



*Little Boy: If I give them this peanut they might get to fightin' over it.*

### Friends

I FEAR friends: friends who invite me to the play and then arrange it so that I pay for the tickets, friends who ask me to dinner for the sole purpose of "getting me in on the ground floor of a good thing" that goes fluey three months later, friends who drop in on me just as I am preparing for bed and sit for hours, relating long and uninteresting narratives, friends who introduce me to women I eventually marry, friends who tell me I am the only one who really understands them and then touch me for fifty simoleons, friends who ask me why I never call them up, friends who stop with me for over night and stay two months, friends who are always being divorced and remarried to the wives of my other friends, friends who sell me a few choice cases of their pre-war stock which turns out to be wood alcohol, friends who insist that I join the Knights of Pythias, friends who are always getting up house parties, friends who, when they espy me with some toothsome little doll, greet me as their long-lost brother and refuse to leave, friends who are invariably getting arrested and dragging my name into their undignified escapades, friends who always know the truth about Wall Street, which horse is going to win, and the right tip on German marks, friends who, uninvited, fill their cases with my best cigarettes, drink my finest Perrier-Jouet, conduct long distance conversations for hours over my telephone, and run away with my wife, friends who make jokes at my funeral.

### Mood

UNLESS I yield my love to you, you swear  
 In strangely distant countries must you dwell;  
 Denied this heart of mine, you could not bear  
 These dear, familiar scenes we've loved so well.  
 To-morrows that will come, you could not face  
 With only pain to bear you company,  
 Among the whispering memories of this place,  
 The little, intimate things that speak of me.

Where mighty mountains rear their cruel height,  
 The world between us, would you dwell, apart;  
 Where curious peace, that comes with tropic night,  
 Answers the bitter question of your heart.  
 The lilac bush, that bends with bloom in May,  
 The winding path, the arbor where we sat,  
 These things should know you nevermore, you say,—  
 Ah, love, if I could only count on that!

*Dorothy Parker.*

### A Complicated Case

"And what is the doctor suffering from?"  
 "Mrs. Brown's rheumatism, Mr. Smith's chronic dyspepsia, Miss Green's nervous depression and Mrs. Jones' weak heart."





WHEN one seeks free transportation to Russia these days he simply turns Red as a beat.

That disarming smile of President Harding's really accomplished something, after all.

Probably, if the facts were known, the only man who ever really had an elephant on his hands was Noah.

Applicants for liquor permits must now appear in person. "Here's looking at you."

The International Society of Registered Statisticians will hold its next convention on the island of Java. Contiguity to the coffee supply, it is hoped, will enable them to keep awake.

Some women drivers won't stop at anything.

It looks as if the soldier bonus were not dead, but slipping.

Paris says the dance craze is demoralizing, which means that Paris has a specially demoralizing, devilish and delightful new craze to offer.

We suppose the U. S. regards Carrie Nation as its oldest inhabitant.

A sixteen-year old heiress is to marry a forty-five-year old Swiss riding master. Another one of those jejune brides.

Deaths from automobiles increased 13% in 1921 over 1920. Practice makes perfect.

Girls in London Reform School Operate Own Laundry.—*Headline.* Wring out, wild belles.

Increasing race suicide leads us to think that the marriage vow now is "Love, honor and no baby."

Apparently Emma Goldman would rather be right than be resident.

Reformer Would Clean Up Movies.—*Headline.* Aw, the Hellywood!

The statement of a college professor that Washington was red-headed has got a lot of other people that way.

Too much buttermilk and a preponderance of vegetables are responsible for the fighting Irish nature, according to Dr. Martin Edwards, of Boston, Mass. Now we know what's the matter with George Bernard Shaw.

Congress doth make cowards of us all.

At the present rate, by the time the streets of New York are made safe for pedestrians there won't be any more pedestrians.

Don't blame a man for filing a bankruptcy petition—he is simply making the bust of a bad job.

The soldier bonus will be a life-saver to the government because it will make a hole in the mint.

Hell hath no fury like a woman reformer.

A Lakewood hen hatched eight eggs under the snow. After that splendid example, if all cold storage eggs can be laid by cold storage hens in cold storage warehouses, a great deal of cackling and a great many middlemen can be done away with.

The still unwritten anthem of the League of Nations will probably be known as "The International Blague."

An optimist is a person who believes this is the best of all possible worlds. A pessimist is a person who realizes it.

1800—"Peace, varlet, hold thy tongue."  
1880—"Less noise, please."  
"Say, get off the line." 1922—"Hey, get out of the air."



The Goldfish

Pending the outcome of Mr. Bryan's latest candidacy, reports concerning the largest lemon produced in Florida this season are indefinitely postponed.

Human Race May Be Saved by Nuts.—*Headline.* Is that so? Look what Trotzky did.

There is a destiny that shapes our week-ends—rough-house them how we will.

Preserved peas, rendered green in color without the use of copper, are the product of two firms, one in France and the other in America. Sounds impossible, unless they are split peas.





### The Blue Boy

Mr. Huntington only paid \$640,000 for Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Uncle Sam's "Blue Boy" has already cost him \$169,026,727.24—and will cost him about \$100,000,000 a year—until he gets rid of it.

## In the Bank

**L**ADY (*alighting from a limousine in front of a bank and speaking hurriedly to the chauffeur*): I sha'n't be a minute, James. (*She rushes towards the bank and then changes her mind.*) I think I'll get the candy first. (*Goes into a candy store next door, and rushes up to a salesgirl who is receiving "a caller."*)

LADY: Will you please wait on me?

SALESGIRL (*to her caller*): What's the big idea? (*To the lady.*) What is it you want, Madam?

LADY: I want some of those long things that look like chocolate, but are something else, and used to have cream in them, but now they have nuts or something.

SALESGIRL: I don't know what you refer to, Madam. (*To her caller.*)

Well, she's the limit, I bet if her mother knew—!

LADY: Well, give me one of those cute little boxes of gum drops. That's the right change, I think.

SALESGIRL (*taking twenty-five cents from the lady and talking to her caller*): Money is nothing in her young life, I'll say. He must be soft, all right.

LADY (*seeing a friend at the lunch counter, rushes over to her*): Why, Cynthia! You darling. How good that looks. I believe I'll have one, too—I'm not supposed to eat between meals, but I've got such a lot before me to-day—I think that makes a difference, don't you? (*Gets a check from the cashier, and orders a hot chocolate.*) How do you like my new hat, dear?

CYNTHIA: It's too sweet.

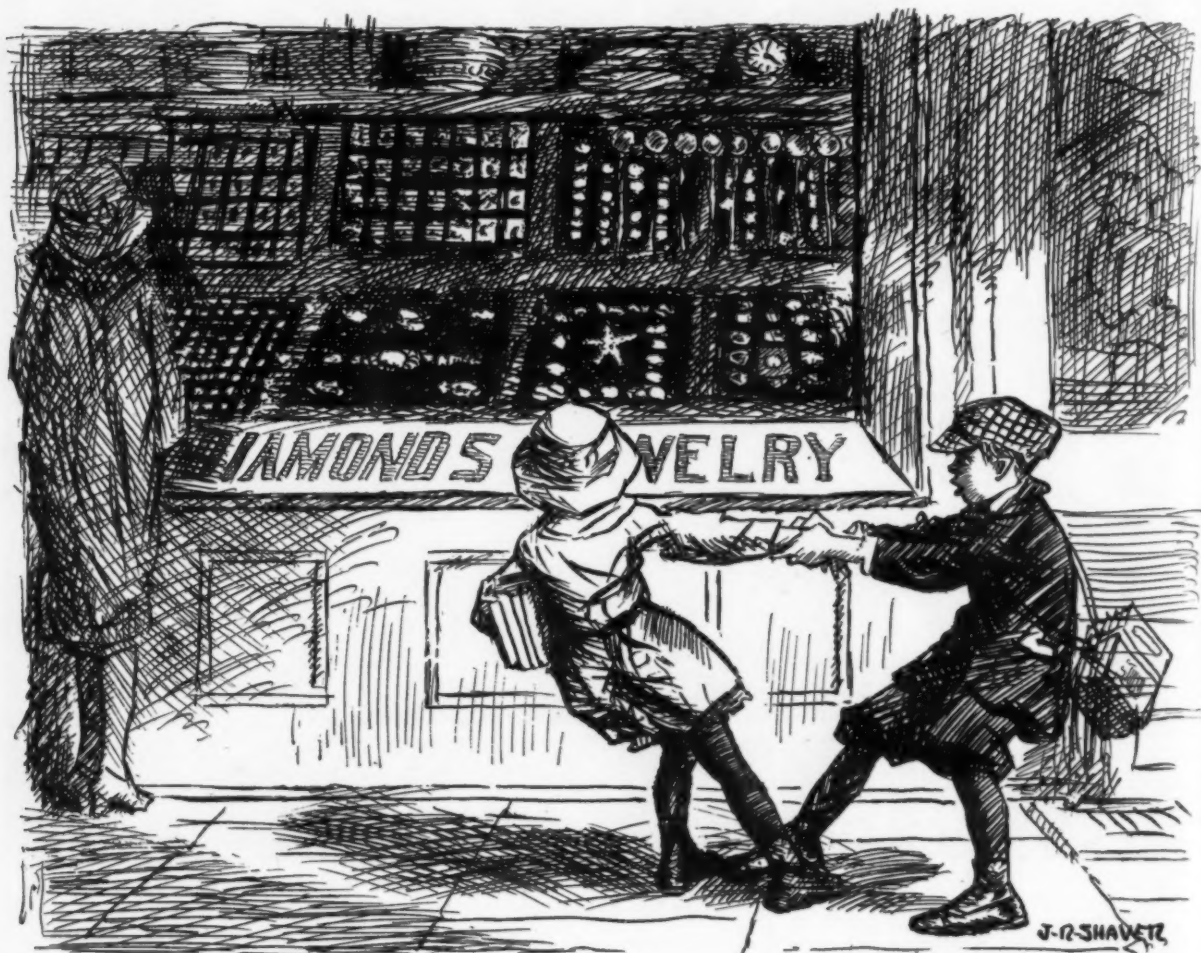
LADY: I love the whipped cream on the top.

CYNTHIA: It's a nice shape.

LADY: It was marked down. I never knew anything so hot, or I shouldn't have got it. Well, I must go now, I haven't done a thing this morning, we had breakfast late, and we're having an early luncheon. I'm going to Washington at 2. Good-by, darling. (*As she goes into the bank she calls out to the chauffeur, who has been round three times.*) I sha'n't be a minute. (*She rushes into the bank and bumps into a young girl in a leopard skin coat.*) Why, Sally! How nice you look, I didn't know you. When did you get back? Come over here and tell me all about it. I've only got a minute. (*They retire to a window seat and have a hat-to-hat talk for twenty minutes.*)

GIRL IN THE LEOPARD COAT: When we have time we'll talk it over.

LADY: Well, it's good to see you, if



The Boy: Gee! Ain't women the limit?

it's only for a minute, dear. I'm rather hurried this morning, I'm going to Washington at 2. You see, Maisie left her pearl necklace with me when she went to have her appendix out, it's really very handsome, and very valuable.

GIRL IN THE LEOPARD COAT: I didn't know she had it out.

LADY: Yes, she wore it at your dinner, and I want to get it put away safely before I go to Washington. If you like to wait, I've only got to drop the little package in the safe deposit box, and then I can drop you anywhere you like: I sha'n't be a minute.

GIRL IN THE LEOPARD COAT: I'm afraid I can't wait that long.

LADY: Well, good-by, dear. (*Looking at the clock.*) Mercy, is it as late as that! (*To a clerk.*) I suppose that clock is right? I never knew anything go so fast.

CLERK: I think it's going all right, Madam.

LADY: Oh! I meant the morning. (*Goes to a desk and writes out a check.*) Will you cash this, please? It must be the fifth to-day.

CLERK: Oh, really!

LADY: Well, Monday was the first, wasn't it?

CLERK: Oh, the date, Madam, yes.

LADY: I wish you'd give me some small change, please, I'm going to Washington, it's so handy.

CLERK (*counting out change*): It looks like snow, shall you have enough?

LADY: It just melts away, when you're traveling.

CLERK: The heat from the engine, of course—

LADY: I never can have enough of it, thank you. (*She stuffs the money into her wrist bag and goes quickly down to the safe deposit vaults—rushing through the various gates.*) I'll just open my box right here, please. I sha'n't be a minute. (*Drops a little package into the deposit box, and returns to the limousine.*)

SCENE II

The Pennsylvania Station—The 2 o'clock train for Washington is just pulling out.

A LADY (*in one of the drawing cars, taking an inventory of her wrist bag and sinking back in her chair in a state of collapse*): Mercy! I've deposited the gum drops.

Beatrice Herford.



Gladys: Oh Major, I just love hunting!

M. F. H.: Gad, don't talk about huntin' in that frivolous fashion as if it was art or literature or that sort of stuff.

To-morrow's Loves

THE EARTH,  
March 10, 4522.

DEAR 8967:  
I must tell you about 632856,—the dear boy has insisted that I change my number to come under his classification, and I have actually decided to humor him,—for a while, at least, so we're going over to the registrar's office to-morrow and will vacuum-plane across to Venus to-morrow night. The 7830987's are summering over at Saturn, and the 8967982's have taken that cottage on Mars, the one I tele-thought to you about the other day. Remember, it's the one with the ugly pillars of cheap platinum on the 65th floor. So I feel perfectly safe in going to Venus,—the place will seem perfectly calm with them gone. I did intend to send

my Complex over with all this news, but the dear thing is sick,—says that the thought waves have been awfully rough and choppy, and he actually is feeling ill.

But to return to 632856 and how it all happened. We were at the Luna Plaza, near the big crater, and the Earth did look so far away and romantic, and when the dear boy suggested the change in my classification, I just couldn't resist, and then the very first thing I knew we were planing back to Earth again, and, oh, 8967,—I am so happy. It's true he is rather young, just 560 last June, but he is really very well situated and has a splendid future,—so you just must tele-think me your best wishes right this second.

Your own,

5897654.



## To Certain New Poets

I HAVE a notion!  
 I don't know—  
 It may be so,  
 That I could write just such  
 P-O-E-T-R-Y as  
 Some of you do.

Make my lines all sorts  
 Of  
 Lengths;  
 Start them with  
 Capitals or  
 without;  
 begin them  
 anywhere  
 On the  
 page;  
 never have any syllables that

Rhyme or scan unless by  
 accident;  
 Put in an indelicate touch or two, to show my "strength"  
 Use color words to describe sounds and sound words  
 (and unsound)  
 to describe colors;  
 pervert and prostitute generally out of all natural or  
 derivative meaning every word I can lay hands on  
 until I have made a very brothel of the dictionary.  
 I say:

I have a notion  
 that I  
 could do all this but,  
 when I sit down to do it  
 all my internal organs  
 go  
 like this.

*Frederick Hall.*



"Isn't this a photograph of the man you were engaged to last summer?"  
 "I think he was the summer before, dear. The date's on the back."

## What Every Dog Knows

FLEAS never come singly.  
 Never put off till to-morrow the  
 bones that should be buried to-day.  
 A place for every bone, and every  
 bone in its place.  
 The cat will turn.  
 A dog-catcher is no respecter of pedi-  
 gree.  
 Bark unto others as others bark unto  
 you.  
 What is there in a ribbon?  
 Rough-house is its own reward.  
 Who steals my leash steals trash.  
 There's no such word as "unfaithful."  
 Love me, love my master.  
 Children should be borne with, not  
 hurt.  
 Whom boys would destroy, they first  
 tie with tin cans.  
 A soft look turneth away the mas-  
 ter's wrath.  
 What is home without the folks?  
 Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the  
 saddest are these: "Left home again."  
 Oh, what is so rare as a day on the  
 hunt!  
 Some dogs are born fighters, some  
 achieve fights and some have fights  
 thrust upon them.  
 The good fight young.

*Edmund J. Kiefer.*

## It Is Said, Unofficially

PROPAGANDA raised its head  
 And, hissing at the barnyard fowl,  
 It intimated that it led  
 A life as thoughtful as the owl.  
 And when it seemed that they evinced  
 Some interest, it stroked its fleece,  
 Unknowing that the few convinced  
 Were nothing more than propageese.

*J. K. M.*





**On Being Prepared**

*Elise:* How do you like my new pajamas, Betty?

*Betty:* They're lovely, dear. If the house were to catch fire some night they'd make a tremendous hit.

## Cherchez la Femme-Rat

"There is only one way to rid the world of rats—to destroy the females and turn the males loose."

—Director George Jennison, Manchester Zoölogical Gardens.

**D**IRECTOR JENNISON is right as far as he goes, but like many original thinkers all he does is to break the ground of Prejudice as with a plough, and prepare the soil for other thinkers (like myself) to plant the seed of fulfillment.

To discriminate against the female of the species seems hard under any circumstances and in warfare it is the height of savagery; but rats are rats and their males and females dress so exactly alike that the chivalrous pity aroused by feminine follies and frivolities of costume, which in the human species finds expression in the term "weaker sex," has no place in the consideration of the rat family.

Since reading the latest statistics, I can think of nothing that would annoy a rat-wife or rat-maid more than to call her one of the weaker sex. According to Mr. Jennison, four males and six females will increase in less than two years to 120,000 males and 170,000 females, which shows that in the rat family the female sex is numerically the stronger and in proportion more mischievous, if not more deadly, than the male.

This being so, what could be cleverer than for Mr. Jennison to devise for his rat campaign a policy that may be summed up in the imperishable phrase of Dumas, père, "*Cherchez la femme!*"

The thing to do, he says, is to kill the females and leave the males to destroy one another—but right here Mr. Jennison's inventive faculty gives out.

How to catch the female rats and leave the males at large he does not tell us. It has remained for me to invent a trap that will do the trick.

Anyone who has made a study of the rat's nest (I have not) must know that it is designed, furnished and deco-

rated strictly in accordance with the taste, color-sense and requirements of the female rat. My plan, therefore, is to devise a trap whose color-scheme and furnishings will happily reflect the taste of the home nest as to be irresistibly attractive to the female rat.

Not being familiar with the home life of the female rat I am unable to depict, in the appended drawing (made for the Patent Office), the details of the interior furnishings and decoration of my trap, but the picture will serve to explain its basic principle, which consists of two entrances, one for the male and one for the female rat. Above the female entrance (A) is a large notice, "LADIES' ENTRANCE," printed in English, French, Belgian and Scan-

dinavian. Over the other door (B) is just the word "ENTRANCE," and the door opens inward to a bare, unattractive compartment which, in addition to this entrance, has three large doors that open outwards, each marked plainly with the word "EXIT."\* This enables the male rat to choose his exit the moment he has entered and leave at once.

The female, on the other hand, after she has appraised the furnishings and sniffed at the color-scheme and decided that she prefers her own apartment, will find, too late, that she has entered by a one-way door!

Since perfecting my trap it has been suggested that as it is the female mosquito that does the stinging, a trap constructed on similar principles might be invented to attract female mosquitoes.

In view of this, I shall be glad to hear of any reliable work on the home-life of the female mosquito.

Oliver Herford.

\*For night use, red lights may be hung over the exits.



"This enables the male rat to choose his exit the moment he has entered."

## Triolets

**H**EREWITH I send you my heart.  
Marking it "Fragile — don't  
break it."

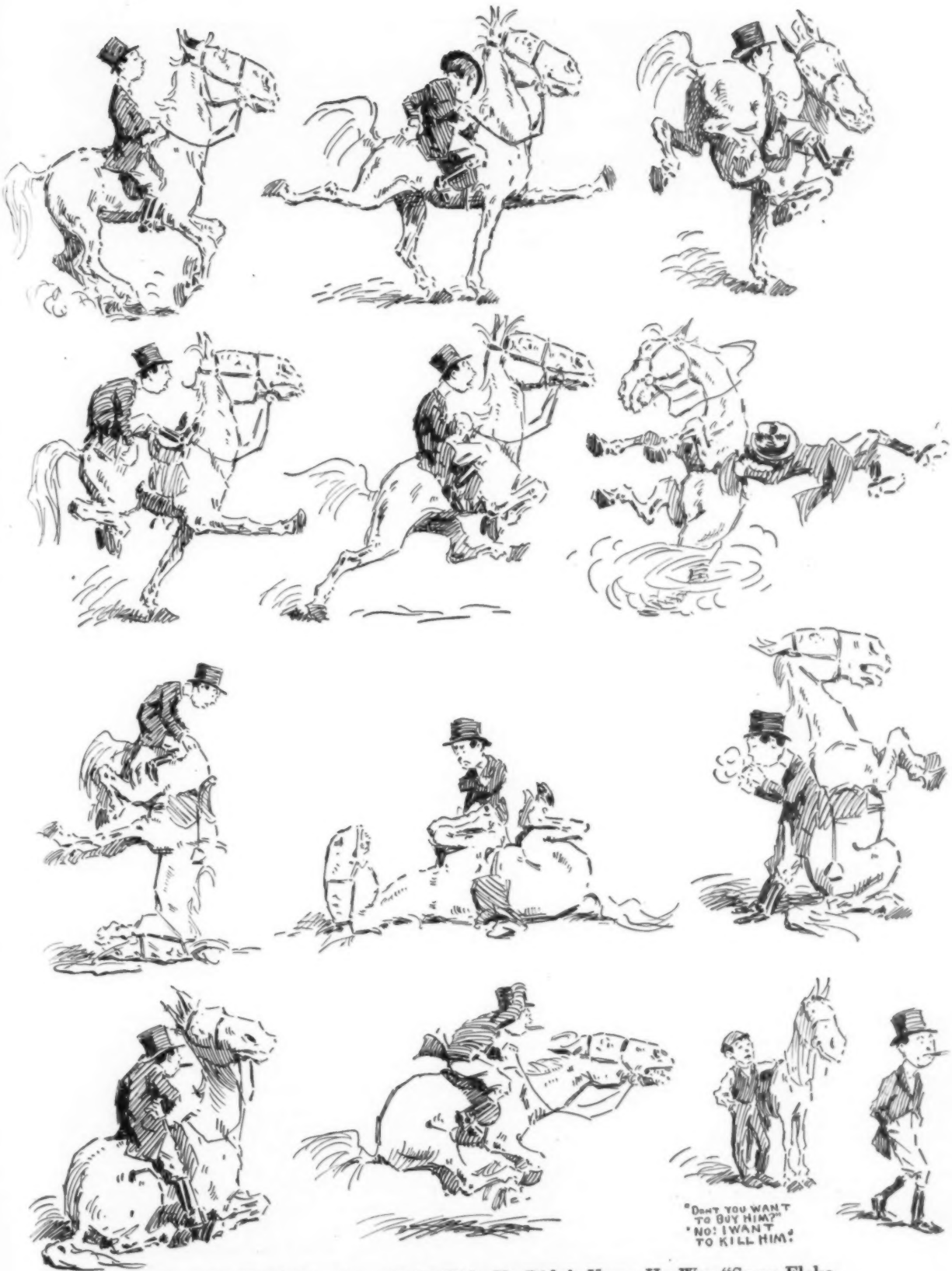
Rather a radical start—  
Herewith I send you my heart;  
Take it, I beg, in good part  
(That is, assuming you'll take it).  
Herewith I send you my heart,  
Marking it "Fragile—don't break it."

**T**AKE me, or let me alone—  
What, after all, does it  
matter?

Ever my feelings you've known;  
Take me, or let me alone,—  
Though, I might readily own,  
I'd recommend you the latter.  
Take me, or let me alone—  
What, after all, does it matter?

**S**WEET, I have waited too long;  
Heedless and wanton I've  
tarried.

Silenced forever my song,—  
Sweet, I have waited too long,  
Bitter the hemlock, and strong—  
Now you have gone and got married!  
Sweet, I have waited too long;  
Heedless and wanton, I've tarried.  
Dorothy Parker.



When He Hired Him for a Quiet Ride He Didn't Know He Was "Snow Flake, the Educated Equine Wonder."

"DONT YOU WANT TO BUY HIM?"  
"NO! I WANT TO KILL HIM!"



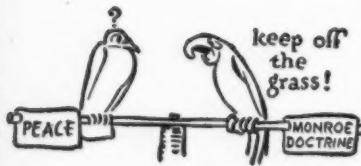


MARCH 23, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 79. No. 2055

Published by  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 London Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.  
 598 Madison Avenue, New York



IT looks as though we were about to hang breathless once more on the action of the Senate.

What will it do with the Treaties that have come to it from the Armament Conference? A committee of influential people, men and women, lawyers, college presidents, clergymen, sages and men of business, has been formed in New York to promote the adoption of all the treaties. It is called the New York Committee for Treaty Ratification. George W. Wickersham is its Chairman. It has passed a resolution which communicates to the President, Senator Lodge and others the committee's feeling that the treaties constitute important steps towards insuring world peace and that the Senate ought to ratify them promptly.

Sure! But as we write there are disquieting harbingers of delay. The main hitch seems to be over the four-power Treaty of Great Britain, France, Japan and the United States providing the basis of co-operation to secure a peaceful settlement of problems in the Pacific. It is understood that the four-power Treaty was produced chiefly to get rid of the Anglo-Japan Alliance. It abolishes that alliance and substitutes for it an agreement of four powers to respect one another's rights in the Pacific and in case of obstinate controversy about them to meet in joint conference for consideration and adjustment. In the second of its four articles it provides that if the rights which the powers agree to respect

are threatened by the aggressive action of any other Power, the high contracting parties shall communicate with one another fully and frankly in order to arrive at an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken, jointly and

separately, to meet the exigencies of the particular situation.

It is this provision in Article II that makes most of the trouble. The complaint about it is that it makes the association of the four powers too much like an alliance, and that there is not sufficient representation in it of the nations whose concerns are involved. A leading opponent of the Treaty in the form in which it came from the Conference says: "I really don't care what is put in such a Treaty provided all of the peoples concerned are included and entitled to discuss through their representatives all of the questions which arise."



THAT is the trouble with that Treaty. The Foreign Relations Committee would cure it by tying to it the Brandegee reservation to effect that

The United States understands that under the statement of the Preamble or under the terms of the treaty there is no commitment to armed force, no alliance, no obligation to join in defense.

The *World* thinks that Mr. Hughes can cure it by drafting a statement for the President announcing that in any Pacific conference it will be the policy of the United States to demand the admission of non-member states as equals where their interests are involved.

The *World* believes that if such a statement were submitted to Congress and adopted as a fundamental statement of American policy, it would accomplish everything that a reservation would accomplish and satisfy everyone who is troubled by fear of alliances.

Other methods of modifying that treaty have been suggested. It can probably be improved, if necessary, so

as to be acceptable to the Senate. There is little disposition among the Democrats in Congress to kill the Conference treaties because the Treaty of Versailles was rejected. That would be too bad and too dangerous, and almost all of the Senators seem to think so. If the Four-Power Pact has to be discussed, and perhaps modified, we must listen with politeness and hope for the best from the modifications. The lesson of our experience with the Treaty of Versailles is all against letting a carefully worked out program fail because of difficulties with its details. Better take the best that can be had and trust that coming events may bring with them the wisdom to deal with them.

But if the Four-Power Pact should finally be in danger of failure, possibly it might go through by agreement to pass the Treaty of Versailles at the same time.



THE most impressive fact that has emerged from the discussion of the Bonus is that the real rights and merits of it have never been adequately discussed. There has been a great devising of expedients to get the money to pay it, so far without success, but what is justly due, and to whom, has been very imperfectly considered. Suggestions that the Bonus idea is not really sound, nor the payments proposed really owed, bring out replies very much more infused with heat than with light. Senator Borah discussed the plan to some purpose, but hardly anyone else has done so.

The impression that obtains in the minds of some of the service men is that the Eastern end of the country, where most of its money is kept, having





Cartoon Done on a Day of Pessimism

called upon the bountiful and courageous West for protection from the world's enemy, received the protection and is now disposed to haggle about rewarding it. The suggestion is that the East was scared to death by the war, but is now abundantly valiant in holding on to the money. That idea ought to be talked over. The important question about the Bonus is how far the claim for it is a just demand on the country. In so far as it is a just claim it ought to be met, and the best way to meet it is probably President Harding's plan of a sales tax. But if it is not just, it should not be met at all. It is a large matter, much too large to be settled by the mere use of bad language and exchange of insults.

now. Underground, folks are liable to be squeezed to death in the subways, and on the surface of the streets to be run over by motor cars, or robbed, and perhaps killed, by gunmen.

It seems to be a good deal so in Ireland, except that in Ireland there is a political complication, and that Ireland has no subways yet, and not enough accessible wealth to make robbery as common as it is here. But the Irish political complication is troublesome. In Belfast there are political gunmen and in Limerick there is rebellion against the Irish Free State and motions towards civil war.

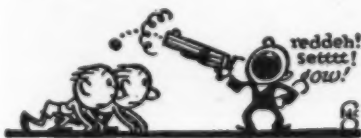
But Ireland ought to be able to handle these troubles. Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins show evidence of having the necessary character and intelligence to do it. The great job for Ireland has been done, and Griffith and Collins, who were leaders in accomplishing it, deserve Ireland's support and will doubtless get it. Ruptions are to be expected, but not failure. Ruptions between Irish are no great matter, since whoever is beaten the Irish win.

THE papers report that James J. Jeffries, lately a prize fighter but now a farmer in Southern California, is about to take the road on an evangelical tour accompanied by a bible expounder in whom he has confidence. The inference is that Jeffries has got religion, which is an excellent acquisition for any one, and particularly for a prize fighter, who needs a stronger barrier against the solicitations of a profane life than most men do.

A Los Angeles news report says that Jeffries takes the view that tobacco, liquors and profanity are all right in moderation, and that his preaching will accord with that conviction. Some of the regular ministers of Los Angeles are quoted as dissenting from that view, but that does not trouble Jeffries, who feels that his errand is not so much to edify the clergy, as to carry to the plain people the undistorted truth.

And for a fact the truth about "tobacco, liquors and profanity" does need in these days to be set forth without distortion.

E. S. M.



NEITHER life nor property is particularly safe in New York just



The Sweet and  
As the Reformers Se



Meet and Bye  
Refusers See It





Heroes of the Stage

NEXT year, when the Drama League invites to its dinner the ten men and women who have contributed most to the drama during the season, there is one artist who should by all means be included. He is the little man who lets Jack Dempsey hit him during the course of the latter's exhibition act at the Hippodrome.

The little man's contribution to the cause of the theatre is whole-hearted and explicit. He lacks by several feet the reach necessary even to touch the champion with whom he is sparring, and he knows in advance that his portion in the evening's entertainment will be sorrow and tribulation. And yet gaily he leaps through the ropes, clad in tragically gorgeous tights, and makes his first extensive windmill swing at the body and person of the world's champion with all the sincerity of a John Huss and with just about John Huss's chances. When the annals of the American stage for the twentieth century come to be written, some poet should be engaged to sing of the Little Man who played opposite Jack Dempsey at the Hippodrome.

Dempsey's act is not entirely muscular. The spell of the footlights was too much for the young gladiator and he has worked up some friendly sidewalk badinage in which he and his manager, Mr. Kearns, participate. The voice is the voice of the champion, but the hand is that of Ring Lardner, from the opening salutation of "Well, Doc, old pal, that certainly was a grand little speech you just got off" to the final triumphant exit gag about "Carpenter" (at last the correct pronunciation of this man's name is given out) celebrating the second, but Americans celebrating the fourth. The entire act should be seen by all students of American manners and customs.

(Note to Mr. Dempsey: Any criticism which may appear in the above should be taken in the spirit in which it was uttered—just kidding. You understand, don't you, Jack, old pal? Just kidding.)



IN the other half of the stained-glass window in which is placed the image of Dempsey's sparring "partner" should go the haggard frame of Albert Bruning, the Theatre Guild martyr. On Mr. Bruning has descended the longest and most impossible rôle in Shaw's longest and most impossible play, "Back to Methuselah" (second weekly shipment, containing the ribs and spinal structure of this dramatic dinosaur).

For an hour and a half (you will hear people who were there insist that it was the better part of a week, but it really was only an hour and a half) Mr. Bruning, as the *Elderly Gentleman*, sits on a cubistic pier and talks. Once

in a while he says something which brings the flush of life back to pale cheeks in the audience, as, for instance, in the passage about the ultimate fate of the Irish race, but most of the time he is rain on a tin roof, and through no fault of his own.

Mr. A. P. Kaye and Claude King have a great deal to do also, but their share comes in the preceding scene, which is much more amusing. In fact, if the Guild had been content to stop the evening at the end of "The Thing Happens" it would have been a jolly, care-free crowd that thronged out of the Garrick that night instead of a mob of shattered refugees, moaning and tottering on sticks and crutches.



MR. EARL CARROLL has opened his new theatre with a play by himself entitled "Bavu," and while it is nothing that will ever win any prize in contest with J. M. Synge or Lord Dunsany (not necessarily a knock for Mr. Carroll), it has at least an original character in *Bavu* himself, and one well played by Mr. Henry Herbert.

Furthermore, although the play is full of old-time melodramatic devices, it has a great deal about it that is novel. Mr. Carroll seems to have been the first American playwright to realize the dramatic possibilities of the present situation in Russia, in which the old order finds itself standing on its rather silly head, with those who were formerly in the mob now in control. When, in addition, the chief communist of the neighborhood happens to be a renegade Turk instead of the conventional Russian, one can hardly accuse the author of having stolen anyone's stuff, at least for his atmosphere.



IN "Madeleine and the Movies" George M. Cohan returns to the business of producing. This, it will be remembered by all who were old enough to read at that time, was exclusively predicted in these columns on the morning after Mr. Cohan's announcement that never again would he produce a show in this country.

The present production is a perfect example of what this remarkable director can do with practically nothing. Starting with a genius for speed and an incomparable sense of the kinship of melodrama and comedy, and adding himself, in the image of his daughter, Miss Georgette Cohan, the personable James Rennie and an excellent cast, together with a telephone-bell in good working order, the prodigal producer has taken a play, which you realize afterward contains absolutely nothing worth putting on paper, and has made it into a breathless and enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Robert C. Benchley.

Ann  
remark  
water-f  
Back  
over a  
cycle o  
Evolu  
ered to  
The  
you su  
Bavu  
Bulle  
drama  
ion.  
The  
raising  
The  
viewed  
He V  
of a cir  
beautif  
The  
made u  
Lawf  
interest  
Mont  
from th  
The  
vicious  
it seem  
The  
thing a  
The B  
The  
living i  
Your  
it.  
Com  
Capta  
tainment  
leading.  
The C  
highly  
Catherin  
The I  
the kid  
The I  
comedy,  
velvet i  
The F  
farther?  
The  
and a ge  
subject  
Just  
usual be  
Kiki,  
into pris  
Madan  
Roland  
home-lif  
tragedy.  
Madele  
in this  
The  
sunder  
tion by S  
The R  
key-hol  
Six-Cy  
Truex a  
comedy  
Thank  
show no  
To the



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Anna Christie.** *Vanderbilt.*—Pauline Lord in a remarkable characterization of a woman of the water-front.

**Back to Methuselah.** *Garrick.*—Beginning all over again on the first week of the three-week cycle of Shaw's Broddingnagian drama of Creative Evolution. More talk than has ever been gathered together under one roof before.

**The Bat.** *Moroso.*—Murder mystery which you surely must know about by now.

**Bavu.** *Earl Carroll's.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Bulldog Drummond.** *Knickerbocker.*—Melodrama to-night at the Opera House. More darned fun.

**The Cat and the Canary.** *National.*—Hair-raising de luxe.

**The Hairy Ape.** *Provincetown.*—To be reviewed next week.

**He Who Gets Slapped.** *Fulton.*—The tragedy of a circus clown translated from the Russian and beautifully produced by the Theatre Guild.

**The Law Breaker.** *Times Square.*—Sociology made uninteresting.

**Lawful Larceny.** *Republic.*—Well-acted and interesting bunk.

**Montmartre.** *Belmont.*—Another translation from the French.

**The National Anthem.** *Henry Miller.*—Obvious sermonizing, with Laurette Taylor to make it seem more like a play.

**The Nest.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—As satisfactory a thing as has been done this season.

**The Pigeon.** *Frasce.*—Mild Galaworthy.

**The White Peacock.** *Comedy.*—Olga Petrova living in Spanish fashion.

**Your Woman and Mine.** *Klaw.*—Never mind it.

sacred American institutions given the razz in a comedy which should by all means be seen.

**The Truth About Blayds.** *Booth.*—To be reviewed next week.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Blossom Time.** *Ambassador.*—In a class by itself as far as music goes.

**The Blue Kitten.** *Selwyn.*—Joseph Cawthorn and Lillian Lorraine in nothing extra.

**The Blushing Bride.** *Astor.*—You never can tell. You might like it.

**Bombo.** *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Al Jolson making mediocre material seem good.

**For Goodness Sake.** *Lyric.*—The Astaires dance in it.

**Get Together.** *Hippodrome.*—Jack Dempsey in a limited engagement appears in purple trunks.

**Good Morning Dearie.** *Globe.*—A good show in spite of its name.

**The Hotel Mouse.** *Shubert.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Marjolaine.** *Broadhurst.*—A charming adaptation of "Pomander Walk" for musical purposes, with Peggy Wood singing and Mary Hay dancing.

**The Music Box Revue.** *Music Box.*—You pay for what you get, but you get it.

**The Perfect Fool.** *George M. Cohan's.*—Ed Wynn with the cares of a great big hilarious show on his shoulders.

**The Rose of Stamboul.** *Century.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Sally.** *New Amsterdam.*—Shaping up pretty well.

**Tangerine.** *Casino.*—A pleasant evening with Julia Sanderson.

**Up in the Clouds.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—Lots worse have made lots more noise.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Captain Applejack.** *Cort.*—Good solid entertainment, with Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash leading.

**The Czarina.** *Empire.*—Doris Keane in some highly amusing scenes from the home-life of Catherine of Russia.

**The Demi-Virgin.** *Eltinge.*—Come and bring the kiddies. A good dirty kiddie would love it.

**The Dover Road.** *Bijou.*—Delightful English comedy, with Charles Cherry very natty in a velvet jacket.

**The First Year.** *Little.*—After all, why look farther?

**The French Doll.** *Lyceum.*—Irene Bordoni and a good cast in one of the 3586 plays on the subject of marrying for money.

**Just Married.** *Nora Bayes.*—Funnier than usual bed-room farce.

**Kiki.** *Belasco.*—A Parisian *cocotte* brought into pulsating life by Lenore Ulric.

**Madame Pierre.** *Ritz.*—Estelle Winwood and Roland Young in a comedy about unmarried home-life which is so well done that it verges on tragedy.

**Madeleine and the Movies.** *Gaiety.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Mountain Man.** *Marine Elliott's.*—A slender play containing some robust characterization by Sidney Blackmer.

**The Rubicon.** *Hudson.*—Peeking through the key-hole.

**Six-Cylinder Love.** *Sam H. Harris.*—Ernest Truex and June Walker in a highly amusing comedy of suburban automobilism.

**Thank You.** *Longacre.*—Moral, but a good show notwithstanding.

**To the Ladies!** *Liberty.*—Several hitherto



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY  
No. 29. The Valentines continue the unsuccessful attempt to mar their valsparred floor.

## The Real Diary of a Real Bore

**A**WOKE this morning at 7:30. "It will be a good day to-day if it doesn't rain," I shouted to Anna, who was still asleep.

The cold weather gave me a really good idea. I went to the phone and called up old Doctor Stevens. "Arthur is very low," I said when he answered. "Arthur who?" he asked crossly. "Our thermometer," I chuckled and hung up the receiver.

Went into the bathroom and found Chester preparing to shave. "Cheer up, Chester," said I. "While there's life there's soap!"

Breakfast at eight. As we sat down little William said he would be glad when he was grown up so he wouldn't have to go to school. "Don't you worry, Bill," I told him. "You'll be a man long before your mother will."

On my way to the office I met Bill Simpson. "I ate to confess it, but I

ate breakfast at eight this morning," I said to him.

Had lunch with Charlie Jones. He told me he had just become engaged. "Condolations," said I, pretending to look sorrowful. As we were leaving the restaurant I said to him: "Remember, Charlie, woman came after man—and she's been after him ever since!"

Ran across Dick Anderson as I was leaving the office. "A fine night for a murder," I remarked. I told him we had recently moved to our present apartment, Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. "We can look out of our window at night and see the Statue of Liberty fright'ning the world," said I.

Anna had that prim Miss Johnston to supper to-night. Sure enough, I let go with a "My God!" at one time during the meal. But I covered it up by remarking, "Please excuse my French!" Played bridge during the evening. I

played with Miss Johnston. "Don't trump my ace!" I warned her as we sat down. "If you can't be good, be careful!"

It is eleven o'clock as I am finishing this. Just looked out of the window. Looks as if it might be a good day tomorrow if it doesn't rain.

R. P., Jr.

### Perpetual Emotion

(With apologies to M. Goose)

**T**HERE was a man in our town  
Who liked his shows risqué;  
He saw a farce in which a girl  
Undressed and hit the hay.

And when he saw how dull it was,  
He rushed, with might and main,  
To one in which a girl got out  
Of bed and dressed again.

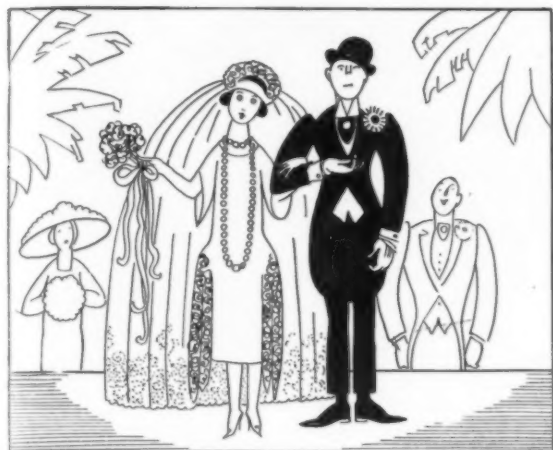
J. B. B.



**The Fisherman:** Leaks pretty bad—doesn't she?  
**Boatman:** Yeh, but it's kinda handy—that. When ye haul her up on th' beach ye don't need t' bale her out.

# Etiquettessen

With apologies to the publishers of a recent book on how to behave



"The bridegroom is doing something entirely contrary to the best social usages. He already has a wife in Rochester."



"These young men ought to be working."



"This man can never win the respect and admiration of others by such behavior. His doctor has given him strict orders not to eat meat."



"Anyone could see at a glance that this man is not used to social functions. He thinks the orchestra is playing a waltz."



"He has just said to this woman, 'Well, Edith, and how are all the folks?' Her name is Bessie."



"This young man is revealing his lack of knowledge of what is correct. He has never been introduced to these two ladies."



# THE SILENT DRAMA



Ahoy!

THE expedition that sailed from New York a month ago on the good ship *Ruth Alexander* for Havana, Panama and "points" (as they are called) West, has arrived in Los Angeles and is now fitting out for the final dash to Hollywood. Up to the moment we have observed nothing of interest except cafeterias.

## "Mistress of the World"

THE Nietzschean doctrine of superlativity was rather unsuccessful as applied to individuals in Germany, but it certainly has had an overwhelming influence on the Teutonic movies. The celluloid spectacles recently imported from the right bank of the Rhine have outdone, in point of magnificence, all the super-features that were ever supervised by William Fox or other native producers. "Deception," "Passion," "One Arabian Night," "The Loves of Pharaoh," and "The Golem" are all designed on the same expansive scale, at least one of them having a cast of over one hundred and twenty-five thousand people. They proved not only that Germany is going into competition with us as a world film power, but that the talk of depopulation in that country is absolutely unfounded in fact.

IT remains, however, for a picture called "Mistress of the World" to establish the record for stupendousness in film production. It is vast, colossal—(where's that Thesaurus?)—mastodonic and Gargantuan. In fact, it is big. In its original form, I understand, it was sixty-two reels long, but it was run through the Famous Players' planing mill and cut down to a mere twenty. Even now, it is no stripling. To see the whole thing at one sitting, the spectator would have to take along a supply

of pemmican and a wireless outfit to keep in touch with the outside world. So the producers decided to issue it in serial form.

The plot of "Mistress of the World" is not half so interesting as the statistics. Indeed, there is practically no plot at all. The various characters roam about through Europe, China and Africa; some of them grow beards; one of them is lost for several years and a neat shift of heroes is made in the seventeenth reel. The main object of all their effort is the recovery of the Queen of Sheba's treasure, which is hidden in the Lost City of Ophir (song cue: "Ophir There"). There are many tremendous thrills included in the entertainment, but the final episode is disappointingly dull.

The cast is headed by Mia May, whose husband, Joe May, directed the picture. Frau May is built on the same generous proportions as the film itself, being the most formidable movie heroine since Marie Dressler returned to the speaking stage.

## "The Cradle Buster"

RESPECT for the law of averages compels me to consider next a picture that is diametrically opposed, in form, to "Mistress of the World," and "The Cradle Buster" provides an excellent example. No more startling contrast could be found than that which exists between these two films. "The Cradle Buster" is as small as "Mistress of the World" is huge; it is as simple as the German spectacle is extravagant, as graceful as its opposite is ungainly.

Obviously an independent venture, "The Cradle Buster" has a refreshingly youthful point of view that is all too rare in the mechanical movies that are ground out in the Hollywood mills. The acting is splendid, particularly that of Glenn Hunter and Osgood Perkins, and the production in general is handled

with intelligence and skill. Frank Tuttle, who wrote the story and directed it, reveals himself as an impresario of great promise.

"The Cradle Buster" is quiet and unostentatious, and probably cost little to produce; but it is an encouraging indication that the time is at hand when a photoplay's merit will not be measured in terms of staggering statistics.

## A Delicate Tribute

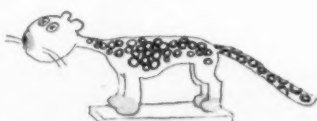
MR. R. M. WILBY, a motion picture exhibitor in Birmingham, Ala., writes in to express his appreciation of the value of the reviews published on this page. It seems that he reads my opinions of the various pictures and then, knowing that the verdict of the public will be exactly the opposite, books the films that I condemn and avoids those that I commend. In the former group he lists "The Old Nest," "Dream Street" and "Fool's Paradise" (all of which made much money for him) and in the latter group, "The Golem" and "Sentimental Tommy," which did not. He informs me that I have never failed him, except in so far as comedies are concerned.

At Mr. Wilby's suggestion, I intend to start a Bureau of Information for Exhibitors. Whenever I characterize a film as "awful" or "terrible," my clients will know that it is a sure-fire box-office attraction, and that they must secure it for their theatres at all costs. On the other hand, if I describe it with such adjectives as "wonderful" or "splendid," they will be able to recognize it in advance as a flop.

Of course, there will be a purely nominal charge for this service; but, judging from the cordial tone of Mr. Wilby's letter, no price that I care to name will be considered exorbitant.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)



**Parents Must Go!**

**S**AID the Thoughtful Father, sitting by the side of his wife five days after their offspring had come into the world:

"There is no greater stumbling-block to the proper raising of a child than his Parents.

"Once a child has been brought into existence, Parents should step aside, for they are only in the way.

"For, the most unfit folk to rear children are their Fathers and Mothers.

"Tis impossible to be impartial with one's own flesh and blood.

"That is why all the best books on child administration have been written by confirmed spinsters.

"Who more competent to judge a Child than the Childless?

"Are we therefore, Father and Mother as we are to this infant, fit to raise Little Henry?

"Decidedly no—

"What this child needs is an unbiased Board of Directors—Twelve Good Men and True—

"Chosen carefully as a jury that is selected to sit on a case of homicide.

"With such a composite and unrelated parent for overseer, the little Skeezicks would probably amount to something—some day.

"As matters stand, we must be content with raising the boy ourselves.

"Tis too bad: for under the proper direction, he should reach to Einsteinian heights, instead of attaining (as, under our poor guardianship, he inevitably shall) to the merest John Jonesian mediocrity;

"Instead of eventuating, as all the circumstances would indicate, in another dunderhead and incompetent like his father before him.

"Ah, could this infant foresee the blundering direction to which he will be subject, he would probably rise in his cradle, and heap execrations upon



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

**A Half-Nelson on Starvation**

A cautious young feller was Prantz,  
Who never left eating to chance.

"Tis hard times," he said,

"So I'm keeping ahead—

I'm eating a week in advance!"

the unworthy heads of the both of us.

"There—he is bawling now. Poor little Guss, he probably does foresee—he probably does!"

Cyril B. Egan.

**A Matter of Form**

**TOURIST** (*in village notion store*): Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?

**SALESWOMAN**: Funeral wreaths, life-preservers, invalid cushions and doughnuts.

**Progress**

**THE ELDERLY BINKS**: Is there any chance of my playing a good game of golf, Topper?

**TOPPER** (*the professional*): Not wi' men, su'. But in a couple o' years you may be playin' wi' yer wife.

**Permanent?**

"Mrs. Margot Asquith says the American papers make her giddy."

"Not guilty! She was giddy before she came."



The Most Beautiful Woman in the World



### Fiction

**FAIR REWARDS**, by Thomas Beer (Alfred A. Knopf). A theatrical tale that introduces Clyde Fitch in the first chapter, and deals thereafter with moving incidents in the theatrical world, and is dominated by, or at any rate saturated with, the personality of a theatrical manager who springs either from the soil or from New Jersey. In order to lead up to anything at all, any story must have substance enough to hold up the reader as he goes along (or is carried along). It seems to us that this story, for such a purpose, is over-dialogued. It has, however, one distinct merit—it was not written for the movies, and in these days one is inclined to define our current fiction either as being in, or as not being in, this class. But it has more than the merit stated: it is in effect a character story, rather well done.

**EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN**, by Mazo de la Roche (Alfred A. Knopf). We wish we might be sure of reaching all the people of the special kind that will delight in reading this clever book, so that no one would be left out, and we could form a close corporation and restrain everybody else. And what a select company it would make! There are some books that ought not to be read by some people, who could not possibly understand, and this is one of them. Of course, not every book, even of this kind, is perfect, and certainly this one is not. But it has a special sense of comedy, of fancy, that in the reading appealed to us greatly. Why seek to embarrass it by captious criticism?

**SNOWDRIFT**, by James B. Hendryx (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Not an uninteresting tale—of its kind. But alas! undoubtedly written with one eye on the movies, although slightly relieved from absolute triteness by a plot that is fairly palatable.

**THE COTTON BROKER**, by John Owen (George H. Doran Company). This book has the great merit of a title

that almost fully explains what kind of book it is, or at least that it is the kind of a book that carries out the atmosphere suggested by the title. Knowing it is about a cotton broker, and surmising that it is character study and undoubtedly

written with energy, the only question that remains is, may it be said that it is useful either as a time-killer or as containing an atmosphere worth taking on? Yes. Not by any means a book of the first rank, but of its kind not bad.

### Figures in Popular Literature



#### The Western Hero

**THIS** hero ranks among the best—  
He's Nature's rugged child.  
You've heard about the woolly West?  
'Twas he who drove it wild.  
Observe that he is dressed to kill  
(Forgive the pun, I pray),  
In pranks like this he finds a thrill—  
He's simply full of play.

In his revolver terrors lurk;  
His aim's a deadly one.  
Could Annie Oakley see his work,  
She'd throw away her gun.  
He trifles not with woman's love,  
In spite of his virility,  
For he's a charter member of  
The natural nobility.

He shoots to kill and aims to please;  
Our books are filled with such as these.  
*Dorothy Parker.*

**THE RIDER OF GOLDEN BAR**, by William Patterson White (Little, Brown & Company). One of those virtuous triumphant tales that always command a fair audience, and in many cases a very large one—not a rarity with the author. It seems to us better than Harold Bell Wright's sentimental tosh; certainly it is much more blood-and-thunder. Perhaps the principal objection to it is that it goes over ground that has so often been travelled before, and from which the echoes of horses' hoofs are constantly rising.

**WITHOUT COMPROMISE**, by Lilian Bennett-Thompson and George Hubbard (The Century Company). Main Avenue (as differentiated from Main Street), big mills, love, a mob, a lynching and general uncertainty and intense excitement. If you like all this, served in a rather moving-picture style—the thing that is known as "gripping"—certainly you cannot go wrong in reading the book.

#### Non-Fiction

**BARE HANDED SELLING** (Reynolds Publishing Company). It is amazing how conventional literary minds will frequently overlook a book that, considered by itself, is a genuine work of art, just because it is out of the beaten path. Here is a book that makes no claim to be such a work of literary art. In a sense, it is only a compendium of information, gathered at first hand, about human nature in general. But, after all, the real test of any book is whether it is interesting. In effect, this book tells the experiences of a lot of young men who went out to sell goods. It is prefaced by a story, or an essay, call it what you will, on the art of salesmanship that we unhesitatingly affirm is a work of literary art, because it accomplishes what its author has set  
(Continued on page 30)





**T**HE Daytona Speedster is built on the Paige 6-66 chassis of distinguished history in the matter of performance. From the day it was first introduced the Paige 6-66 has figured sensationally in a long series of record-breaking achievements. Its career culminated in a blaze of glory at Uniontown, Pa., when the Daytona 6-66 model broke all world's stock chassis speedway records from 5 to 100 miles. For 60 minutes it travelled at the rate of more than 89 miles per hour.

These recorded and authenticated achievements test a car to the uttermost. There must, of course, be a superabundance of speed — far more than any owner-driver would ever use. But the true significance of such records is the revelation of super endurance. Is it any wonder therefore that

American sportsmen the country over have freely recognized the 6-66 as Champion of its Day and Master of the Highway?

Such is the proud record of the 6-66 chassis on which the Daytona Speedster is built. But its designers have not forgotten either beauty or comfort. Observe the refreshing smartness of its lines and the completeness of its appointments. Three people can ride in comfort in the Daytona and when you personally examine the model note how the extra seat unfolds for use. Then test this car on the road and prove for yourself whether or not it has the true mettle of a thoroughbred.

Today the champion is available for \$2495. To every sportsman this must mean one thing — rare investment opportunity.

#### The New 6-66 Prices

6-66 Lakewood 7-Pass. Touring	-	\$2195	6-66 Sedan, 7-Passenger	-	-	\$3155
6-66 Larchmont II, Sport Type	-	2245	6-66 Limousine, 7-Passenger	-	-	3350
6-66 Daytona, 3-Passenger Roadster	-	2495	6-66 Coupe, 5-Passenger	-	-	3100

All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Tax Extra Cord Tires Standard Equipment on all Models



**The Farewell**

An old lady of seventy was rather tearful as she bade farewell to her mother, aged ninety-five, whom she had been visiting. "Good-bye, dear mother!" she said. "I hope we shall meet again." "I hope so, my child," replied her mother, briskly. "They tell me you are looking very well."

—London Morning Post.

**Quandary**

**MOTORIST:** You say this isn't the road to Mudville? Then that fellow down the line lied to me.

**WAYFARER:** Hee-Hee! How d'ye know he did? Mebbe it's me that's lyin'!

—American Legion Weekly.

**One Word More**

"Have you given Jack his final answer yet?"

"Not yet—but I've given him my final 'No.'"—Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.

AN aviator intends to keep ascending until he busts. Once it was only Pike's Peak or that!—Detroit News.



**ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES**  
"Twenty-four hundred a year. Elevator, electric lights, steam heat, tiled bath."

"Is this the bath?"  
"No, sir, this is the dining room."  
—Le Rire (Paris).

**A Country Place in the Sun**

An estate agent had been engaged to drive a prospective purchaser over a large estate in the West of England.

He was a young man, and had adopted, or tried to adopt, some of the American methods. As the car wound along the lanes he pointed out the parks and meadows and woods of the estate, launching out into panegyrics.

Finally he gazed up at the sun and, waving his arm, concluded, "And there's sunshine for you! There's a sun! Can you beat it?"—Tit-Bits (London).

**Confidences**

**KNICKER:** What do you think of the modern jokes?

**BOCKER:** Oh, they are about the same as the old ones.

"Yes, and a little older, eh?"

—Stevens Tech. Stone Mill.

**Too Bad**

**CLIENT:** I called to say that I found that watch I thought had been stolen.

**DETECTIVE:** What a pity! I had such a good clue to the thief.

—Boston Transcript.

**The Soldier Bonus**

**THE DOLLAR SIGN:** Goodness, if they put me on patriotism I'll feel like a rube!

—New York Herald.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, J. R. Tanguay, 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.



**1922 North Cape Cruise**

Sailing direct from New York, June 28, on the luxurious S.S. "Osterley" the Raymond-Whitcomb 1922 North Cape Cruise visits the most fascinating places of Iceland, Norway, Sweden Denmark, Belgium, England. Including North Cape, the Fjords, Christiania, Copenhagen Zeebrugge, London, with generous shore excursions into the Glorious Northland.

Rates \$675 up, include homeward passage on the Aquitania, Mauretania or Laconia

**De Luxe "Europe" Tours**

Raymond-Whitcomb Europe Tours assure you of the best accommodations and comprehensive itineraries. This year especially; new treasures, battlefields and the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau.

**Round the World Cruises**

Two Round the World Cruises, Jan. 9 and 16, 1923, on new oil-burning ships, S.S. "Resolute" (20,000 tons displacement) of the United American Lines, and the commodious S.S. "Volendam."

Send for the Booklet you wish,

**Raymond & Whitcomb Co.**

Beacon and Park Streets, Boston

NEW YORK-PHILADELPHIA-CHICAGO-SAN FRANCISCO-LOS ANGELES  
Paris London



**Eve:** It's all very fine to say there are no other women, but how do I know that during some of your mysterious absences you haven't been experimenting with another rib?

### The Judge's Soliloquy

(Apologies to Gilbert)

WHEN I went to the bar as a very young man  
 (Said I to myself, said I),  
 I've studied as hard as I possibly can  
 (Said I to myself, said I),  
 From college and law school I've managed to wrench  
 A knowledge of contracts, the code, torts and French,  
 Which should help me land on the Federal Bench  
 (Said I to myself, said I).

But when I have reached that commendable height  
 (Said I to myself, said I),  
 I won't be contented—I shall not sit tight  
 (Said I to myself, said I);  
 For an even more dignified station I itch—  
 A profession more cultured and pickings more rich,  
 Like fining and firing ballplayers and sich  
 (Said I to myself, said I).  
*Baron Ireland.*

### Husbands

I HATE husbands; husbands who depart on a three weeks' hunting trip and return unexpectedly two days later, husbands who are always worrying whether their wives are waiting for them, husbands who snore, husbands who watch me out of the corners of their eyes when I am with their wives, husbands who address their wives as "Mother," husbands who are always on the spot, husbands who are never on the spot, husbands who fondle their wives when I am present, husbands who hire detectives that wear black fedoras and gum shoes, to follow me, husbands who enter the conservatory unannounced, husbands who carry loaded revolvers, husbands who arrive home at four in the morning and tell their wives they have been working late, husbands who carry on an intrigue with their wives' French maids, husbands who, pyjama'd and drowsy, kiss their dear wives good-night, then proceed to get completely dressed and, tip-toeing to the street, hail the first passing taxi, husbands who remove all the loose shekels from their trousers pockets prior to retiring for the night, husbands who take their wives to musical revues and flirt with the ladies of the chorus, husbands who don't take their wives to musical revues and don't flirt with the ladies of the chorus, husbands who get blind drunk and tell their wives it was I who tempted them with moonshine hooch, husbands who, when I am within earshot, call their wives "honey," "bunny" and "baby" and when I am leagues off, address their spouses as "you poor fish."



(2/3 Actual Size)

## The 16 Hour Shave is the Perfect Shave

*The Shave That Lasts All Day*

IF YOUR shave is going to last for all the waking day, it's got to be a close and clean one, and smooth as well. The lather that merely works upon your beard won't get you that.

When the lather of Williams' Shaving Cream has thoroughly softened each hair until there remains only a minimum of resistance to the razor's edge, it has done only half the job.

Your skin must be prepared. Don't forget that. It must be made flexible and supple. It must yield gently and evenly as the razor passes.

There is no stiffness, no leathery "feel," left in the face that has been well treated with Williams' lather.

Prepare both beard and skin with the lather of Williams' Shaving Cream. Then your razor will cut close without irritation. Then you will have your 16 hour shave.

A trial size tube will teach you a lot. Just say "Shaving Cream" on a postal card and we will send you one at once; or use the coupon.

# Williams'

## Shaving Cream

**Get A TRIAL SIZE TUBE FREE**  
 THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., Dept. 43  
 Send me, free, a trial size tube of Shaving Cream

Name.....  
 Address.....



### The Universal Language

WE said it with flowers, we said it with books,  
 We said it with kisses and hugs and fond looks.  
 We said it with music, art, beautiful diction,  
 We said it with truth, and we said it with fiction.  
 Alas! now we're wed and are tending our brood,  
 Most of our time we just say it with food!  
*J. R. H.*





Whose Birthday comes this month?

## You Can't Forget

**U**NLESS you want to. Your calendar is a constant reminder of the days on which your friends expect to hear from you with a message of love and good wishes.

*"Say it with Flowers"*

this month for the birthday greetings, the wedding anniversaries and other anniversaries of those dear to you, and endear yourself to them.



Remember that in a few hours' time flowers may be delivered by telegraph to any address in the United States and Canada by the Florists' Telegraphic Delivery Service.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

When the first airplane was expected in a little Red River town many persons gathered to see it land on the sand bar.

Near the edge of the crowd stood a black mammy and Uncle George, a little old darky with a fringe of white whiskers around his gentle, wrinkled face.

As the plane appeared in the distant sky Aunt Amelia rocked her huge body back and forth in true camp-meeting style and, beating her hands in time to her swaying, cried: "Thank de Lord! Thank de Lord!"

Uncle George gazed up in silence until the wonder came very near, then, raising his trembling hands devoutly, he exclaimed, "I's ninety years old and dat's de onliest piece of God's furniture I ebber see."—*Harper's*.

### "Not Known"

She had purchased some goods on the hire-purchase system, but shortly afterwards her finances gave out, and the payments to the dealer ceased.

In due course came a letter from the firm, demanding the money. This is her reply:

"Dear Sirs,—In answer to your letter, I have not received same, as I do not live here now.—Yours,

"NANCY WOTO."  
—*Answers (London)*.

### A Mere Quibble

A lawyer advised his client to plead guilty and go to the penitentiary. "You'll have plenty to eat there, with clothes and lodging. You can sleep nights instead of roving around in the dark to find an unlocked stable. The only drawback about the penitentiary is that sentiment is against it, but what is sentiment to a man who steals horses for a living?"

—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

### Hazardous Risk

**LAZY LUKE:** It tells here in de paper about a guy what was murdered in his wardrobe.

**NERVOUS NED:** Oh, dat's turrrible. An' to t'ink dat I'm sittin' right in de middle of mine at dis moment!

—*American Legion Weekly*.

### The Buck Passes the Buck

An Americanization incident of the West is related: A Piute Indian with a stick and white paint raised a dollar bill and passed it on a Chinaman who paid a gambling debt to an American with it. The American was arrested.

—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

### Pipe Down!

**CAPTAIN:** Stop smoking. Can't you see we're becalmed?

**DECKHAND:** What's smoking got to do with it?

**CAPTAIN:** It's bad for the wind.  
—*Stanford Chaparral*.

**PROF. A. R. HATTON** of Western Reserve University specializes in politics. He says, "A good reformer must have the sense of time of a geologist." This may be copied anywhere on the planet and it will fit.—*Christian Register*.

**"Locktite" TOBACCO POUCH**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**KEEPS TOBACCO RIGHT**  
Novel closing device does away with snaps, buttons, strings. Keeps pocket clean. Made from soft leather; compact, handy, good looking. Sold at drug, cigar, leather goods and department stores. If your dealer cannot supply you send \$1.25 for most popular size.

Genuine Suede Rubber Lined.  
Made and Fully Guaranteed by  
**F. S. MILLS CO., Inc., Gloversville, N. Y.**

### The Happy Ending

Peterson came home from the banquet blissfully unconscious that some of his friends had fastened a menu card on the back of his coat.

"Why, Peter!" said his wife. "What's that you've got on your back?"

"Ah!" said he, removing the card. "Only a table of contents, my dear."

—*Klods-Hans (Copenhagen)*.



### TO BLUSH UNSEEN

"The novels that we are forbidden to read are less offensive than the plays that they let us see."

"That's true—but it's much more fun to blush in a secret nook than in public."

—*La Vie Parisienne*.

**Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION**

**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS**

**6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief**

**BELL-ANS**

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

**Justice for Jokesmiths**

"I AM naturally of a quiet disposition," said the editor of the funny paper, "so obviously it distresses me a whole lot when I'm expected to crack jokes. A well-meaning friend, on introducing me to a gang, mentions needlessly the fact that I edit a frivolous publication, and at once the gang gets all set for a side-splitter, and looks at me pityingly when I fail to make good, as is invariably the case.

"Why should editors of comic copy be expected to be funny? The editor of a scientific publication is not expected to be scientific the minute he is introduced. Nor is the editor of a fashion magazine expected to talk fashions. If, in the case of the former, a friend says, 'Shake hands with Mr. Teesquare; he is the editor of the *Scientific North American*,' it is not necessary for Mr. Teesquare to beam upon the assembled audience and remark off-hand:

"Amateurs interested in astronomy may readily trace the diurnal path of the brighter stars by means of the apparatus which I shall presently describe. It is known as the Altazimuth, and as the name implies, it is used to ascertain the altitude and the azimuth of a heavenly body.' And so forth.

"Such professional display is neither expected nor required of the editor of the scientific publication. As for the editor of the fashion magazine, even assuming that he is introduced to a group of women, he is not deemed a dullard if he fails to say:

"To capture your fancy, the little frock No. 8030, which slips on over the head, is very much middy style, with a lace front and shield and sailor collar of contrasting goods. Over the joining of a plaited skirt, a bought belt may be

**What You Can Get from "NIAGARA"**

THE power of Niagara helps produce the finest, inexpensive wall papers. Send for FREE booklets *How Niagara Can Beautify Your Home* and miniature book in colors of thirty-two popular designs. Enclose two-cent stamp and your dealer's name. Prices reduced to less than half give full satisfaction. Niagara Wall Paper Co. 108 Walnut St. Niagara Falls, N. Y.

**MAJOR'S CEMENT**

For repairing china, glassware, earthenware, furniture, meerschaum, vases, books, tipping billiard cues, etc. Keep it handy. The reliable cement, famous since 1876. Major's Rubber and Leather Cements give full satisfaction. All three kinds—20c per bottle. At dealers or write us. MAJOR MANUFACTURING CO. New York

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

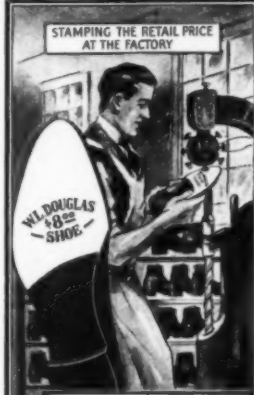
**W. L. DOUGLAS**

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

**\$7.00 & \$8.00 SHOES**

ALSO MANY STYLES AT **\$5.00 & \$6.00**

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT



STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE AT THE FACTORY

THE STAMPED PRICE IS YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS



AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

WHEN YOU BUY W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES CONSIDER THE EXTRA QUALITY YOU RECEIVE FOR THE PRICE PAID

W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best and finest selected leathers the market affords. We employ the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

When you need shoes look for a W. L. Douglas store. We own 108 stores located in the principal cities. You will find in our stores many kinds and styles of high-class, fine shoes that we believe are better shoe values for the money than you can buy elsewhere.

Our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. There is one point we wish to impress upon you that is worth dollars for you to remember. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. When you buy shoes at any one of our stores you pay only one small retail profit.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay one or two extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money. 147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



BOYS' SHOES \$4.00 & \$4.50

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free. **W. L. Douglas** President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

arranged. The pattern I have reference to is cut in sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. And so on.

"Suppose the editor of the *Boot and Shoe Clarion* knew that every time he went out in company he would be expected to be epigrammatic about kid uppers or French heels. Suppose the editor of the *Railway Gazette* had over him the certainty that when he sat down in a cozy corner to relax after a day's work it would be up to him to remark:

"Here is one I heard to-day about the heating surface of the new Southern Pacific locomotives.' Folks don't expect such things of these gentlemen.

"A lot of other instances might be mentioned," said the editor of the funny paper, "but nothing is to be gained by repetition. The fact remains that members of my craft are the only ones who are expected to talk shop the minute they shake hands. And if, with a semblance of good grace, they accept the inevitable and relate what they believe to be worthy of a laugh, the company merely smiles wanly, and one man, bolder or more brutal than the rest, invariably remarks:

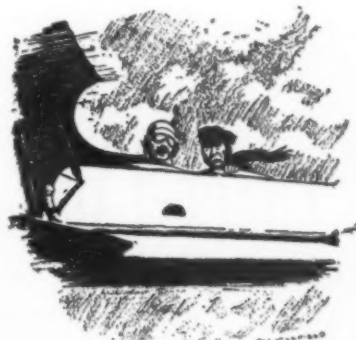
"I may be thick, old egg, but I don't get that at all. What's the point?" A. H. F.

**A Precaution**

PERMIT me, please, To hold the parasol.

I wouldn't have your perfect nose Freckled for anything— It would humanize you a little, And after all We can't afford to fall in love, Can we?

Marx G. Sabel.



**THE COMFORTER**

Passenger: Hoo, it'd be a long way to fall to earth. Pilot (ex-motorist, used to rough roads): Um, yes; still it's all easy going. —Bulletin (Sydney).

Third Large  
Edition  
Now on  
Sale

## MARIA CHAPDELAINE

By Louis Hémon

"Surely the most beautiful piece of literature produced in or about this continent for at least a generation."—*New York Evening Post*.

"Among the few great books of our day, MARIA CHAPDELAINE has the supreme simplicity of a masterpiece."—*Heywood Brown in N. Y. World*.

"A masterpiece of language and literature."—*The Independent*.

"It is beautiful. It is sublime. A pastoral as exquisite as any poet ever penned."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

## MARIA CHAPDELAINE

By Louis Hémon

"A thing of rare beauty. A great little book—real literature."—*Boston Herald*.

"A tale of great delicacy and great simplicity."—*Literary Digest*.

"A book of splendid and conquering simplicity."—*N. Y. World*.

"The book is like music, saying, as music does, things that do often lie too deep for tears."—*Dorothy Canfield Fisher in N. Y. Evening Post*.

Order your copy today.

## MARIA CHAPDELAINE

By Louis Hémon

\$2.00  
at all  
bookstores

The Macmillan Company  
64-66 Fifth Avenue, New York

### The Latest Books (Continued from page 24)

out to accomplish. If the genius of America is advertising, then here is the spirit of America translated into vivid words without the slightest attempt at effect; direct, sincere, off-hand, right to the point. What more does anyone want?

**WHAT NEXT IN EUROPE?** by Frank A. Vanderlip (Harcourt, Brace & Company). Says Mr. Vanderlip (please brace yourself for a masterpiece of expression): "Civilization cannot go forward without educated youth." How does he know? Where did he get such an original idea? What has civilization ever done to him that he should get back at it like that? And why is it that there are so many "self-made" men like Mr. Vanderlip who go about posing as authorities and who have never learned how to write? The last line in the book is:

"Our first duty, as Mazarin said, is to understand." The great trouble is that we understood all that Mr. Vanderlip wrote long before he wrote it.

### Rhymed Reviews

#### Cytherea

By

Joseph Hergeshelmer. Alfred A. Knopf

**L**EE RANDON'S friends were rotten rich;  
They lived on hothouse fruit and cocktails;

They hunted, flirted, played with pitch  
And told each other drummers' stock tales.

Lee Randon bought his little self  
A doll and called her "Cytherea."  
Enthroned upon his mantel-shelf,  
She almost lived—like Galatea.

Her scarlet mouth, her narrowed eyes  
Awoke emotions vague, uncanny,  
And helped to make him cease to prize  
His wife, the far-too-perfect Fanny.

Lee Randon let his fancy rove,  
And after that the end was fated.  
He found in pale Savina Grove  
His Cytherea incarnated.

Savina took his heart by storm;  
He set her pulses patting juba;  
Without regard for proper form,  
The pair eloped to sunny Cuba.

And there Savina shortly died  
Through having lived with great abandon;  
And what the matter signified  
Immensely puzzled Mr. Randon.

"It's queer," he said to Brother Dan,  
"I hardly miss her now. Between us,  
I'm just a trifling, pagan man  
Who worshipped Cytherean Venus."

With all its characters who act  
In anything but decent fashion,  
The book's a naughty kind of tract  
Against idealizing Passion.

Arthur Guiterman.

### THE POCKET EDITION OF THE NOVELS OF A. S. M. HUTCHINSON



William Lyon Phelps in *The New York Times* says:

Hutchinson has published four novels and I heartily recommend them all: 'Once Aboard the Lugger—'; 'The Happy Warrior'; 'The Clean Heart'; 'If Winter Comes'.

### IF WINTER COMES

The novel that every one is reading. Over three hundred thousand copies have been sold. "Read it today so that you can talk about it with the rest of the world."—*The Boston Herald*.

### ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER—

Heywood Brown says: "Once Aboard the Lugger—" is one of the merriest books ever written."

### THE HAPPY WARRIOR

E. F. Edgett in *The Boston Transcript* says: "A great story which must surely win for its author a high place among the novelists whose work endures."

### THE CLEAN HEART

*The New York Sun* says: "Power and strength and humor and human nature are here."

Regular Edition. Cloth. Each, \$2.00  
Pocket Edition. Limp Leather. Each, \$2.50

For Sale At All Booksellers

An interesting booklet about A. S. M. HUTCHINSON will be sent free on request.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY  
Publishers : : : Boston



### THE EPICURE

*Hardened Party Man*: Not a bad lot of cakes, but be careful how you choose 'em; they show finger marks rather.

—Reproduced from *Punch* (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.



**THE SILENT DRAMA**  
Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 31)

**Penrod. First National.**—Marshall Neilan's version of the Tarkington stories, with Wesley Barry in the leading rôle. It is good, but not good enough.

**Foolish Wives. Universal.**—Wholesale seduction in Monte Carlo, where women's hearts are hurled into the roulette wheel of destiny and tossed—but go read the sub-titles yourself.

**The Prodigal Judge. Vitagraph.**—An old-fashioned melodrama, with Maclyn Arbuckle giving a splendid performance as a reprehensible old jurist who takes up a vagabond's existence.

**One Glorious Day. Paramount.**—One glorious bit of whimsical nonsense, featuring Will Rogers and a nondescript spirit named "Ek."

**Star Dust. First National.**—It may be popular, but not through any fault of this department.

**Orphans of the Storm. United Artists.**—A remarkably vivid drama of the French Revolution, produced by the indefatigable Mr. Griffith, and played by the Gish sisters and Joseph Schildkraut.

**Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight? Zeidman.**—Worse than useless.

**The Seventh Day. First National.**—Richard Barthelmess in another good picture directed by Henry King. It is a story of the romance between a young New England sea captain and a New York flapper, and in spite of its apparent incongruity, it is real.

**Moran of the Lady Letty. Paramount.**—A rousing tale of low trickery on the high seas which gives Rodolph Valentino a chance to knock over eighteen smugglers—and eighteen thousand impressionable school girls—with one wallop.

**A Doll's House. United Artists.**—Naimova gives an intelligent and a highly dramatic performance of Ibsen's tragedy.

**Hail the Woman. First National.**—A none-too-interesting story, retrieved by some exceptionally competent acting.

**Turn to the Right. Metro.**—Winchell Smith's famous play of crooks' regeneration, made into a movie that is occasionally amusing, and occasionally dull.

**Red-Hot Romance. First National.**—Satire makes its début on the screen, and is well received.

**The Wall Flower. Goldwyn.**—An attempt by Rupert Hughes to set forth the tragedy of a plain girl. It would be much more effective if he had resisted the temptation to introduce artificial comedy relief.

**Tol'able David. First National.**—Anyone who has any faith in the potentialities of the movies should see this picture. And those who have not this faith should see it anyway, and be convinced.

**For Review Next Week.**—"Love's Boomerang," "For the Defense," "Polly of the Pollies" and several Scenic pictures.

**Deducted**

We rather like the story of the old bon vivant who was told to stick to one glass of port a day.

"Well, and how about the port?" asked his doctor.

"Fine, doctor; only about six months in advance so far," replied the old reprobate. *Town Topics (London).*

**Protection**  
— where most needed

**COLT'S**  
FIRE ARMS  
*"The World's Right Arm"*

.32 Caliber  
Colt Automatic  
Pistol

*Send for booklet, "Romance of a Colt," giving interesting details of the history of "The World's Right Arm."*

**Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.**  
Pacific Coast Representative, Phil. B. Bekeart, 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

**"But each for the joy of the working  
And each in his separate star,  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it."**

*Life*

carrying out this idea sometimes shows widely divergent views on public questions in a single issue, yet all are good. Better subscribe and have all sides and a lot of the latest fun as well. Try it yourself for a year, or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip avail yourself of our

**Special Offer**  
Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

---

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate

**LIFE, 508 Madison Avenue, New York**

One Year \$5      Canadian \$5.80      Foreign \$6.60      71

## The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums

PYORRHEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proved this.

Many diseased conditions are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhea infection.

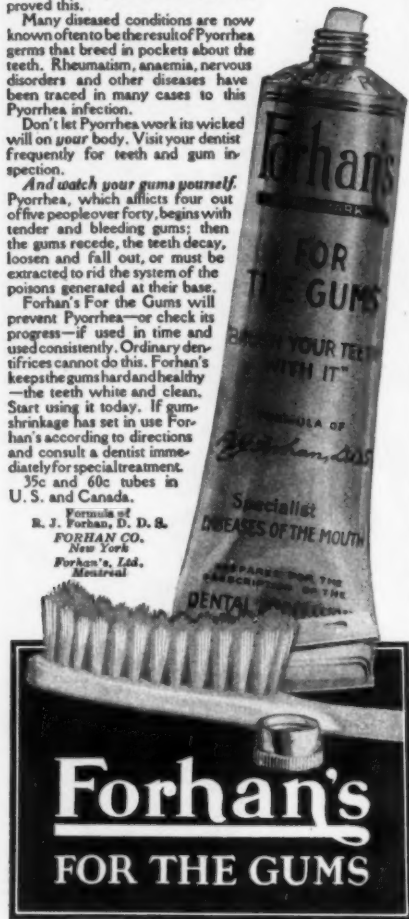
Don't let Pyorrhea work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection.

And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of  
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
FORHAN CO.  
New York  
Forhan's, Ltd.  
Montreal



### Why Are Patronesses?

A PATRONESS is usually a good-natured woman who has passed the prime of life, and who lends her name to all doubtful enterprises in any home town, including Bach festivals, the annual banquet of the Sex Hygiene Society, the series of subscription dances under the auspices of the Methodist Vampire League and the reception given to Margot Asquith.

Every woman aspires to be a patroness. When she finally gets to be one, she passes the rest of her life in living it down.

### An Even Thing

HOWELL: There is one automobile to every fourteen people.

POWELL: Well, at the rate autos are killing off the people it will soon be a fifty-fifty proposition.

"I ARGUED with the cop, and—" "No, you didn't. It isn't done. You mean you argued at the cop."

### Could Anything Be Simpler?

A VERY ordinary person met an aristocrat.

"What is the matter with me?" said the V. O. P.

"Nothing," said the aristocrat. "You are quite right as you are. If you did not exist in such great numbers, I should cease to exist. I live only by the power of contrast."

"Um," said the V. O. P. "If you weren't here, nobody would be aware of me. Yet your number is very small compared with mine."

"The difference," said the aristocrat, "lies in the quality. It is much more trouble to produce me than you. It takes more time and money."

"Could I become like you?"

"Certainly. The recipe is about three generations, according to the conditions."

"But I have known aristocrats like you to be very poor."

"Precisely. And others to be decadent. Every aristocrat is likely to run himself out in time. But there is always a process of manufacture back of him."

"Can you explain the difference between us?"


"Certainly. It lies altogether in our manners."

"But I have been observing you rather closely. I find that you may lie where I would naturally tell the truth, that you may withhold where I would give; and I noticed that I gave up my seat to a woman while you continued to remain seated."

"Exactly," replied the aristocrat. "What you did was ordinary; the woman belonged to your class; but if she had belonged to mine you wouldn't have got up."

"But you would," triumphantly retorted the V. O. P.

"Which conclusively proves, my good fellow, that you are a very ordinary person and I am an aristocrat."



The  
**BILTMORE**  
MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS  
NEW YORK

*Dancing in the Supper Room*  
*Tea in the Palm Room*  
*Friday Morning Musicales*

JOHN McE. BOWMAN,  
President

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.  
NEW YORK



# Aspirin

## Then It's Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Always say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

### Rubaiyat of the Chain Restaurant

WAKE—and the order for your wheat cakes fling;

This imitation maple's just the thing. The price is double what it was before,

But you should worry at another sting.

We sometimes wish that we were debonair,

To win the fancy of the waitress fair; She might neglect the high spots in our check,

But we are frozen by her chilly stare.

Our order reaches us—potatoes fried, And eggs incinerated on one side;

We're not afraid to trifle with our cup, We could not break it even if we tried.

We envy insects with the triple eyes, The what-you-call-them or the pretty flies;

Then could we watch our precious coat and hat, And clothes thieves would not take us by surprise.

The crash of china echoes in our ears, Like chords mislaid or lost, but come our fears

That we perchance may lose this splendid din;

How could we face the desolated years?  
Thomas J. Murray.